swaying in his shirt and I held out my hand to him.

He was one hundred and three years of age.

The thing was incredibly arresting and speculation irresistible. He had been a boy of thirteen when Queen Victoria came to the throne, a man of twenty-two when Canton was opened, with the Treaty Ports, to the first white-faced merchants.

At the age of thirty-seven he heard the cannon of the foreign devils what time the British fleet bombarded his city in the Second Opium War, subsequently obtaining thereby the privileges of being able to buy Indian opium, of having foreign ambassadors about the court of his Emperor and of becoming a Christian if he pleased. Maybe failing at the time to realise these advantages, he got out with the rest the bow and arrows he had used five years before in the Taiping rebellion,

Some time in his fifties he went to South America

which had been his home for half a century. How did he live those fifty years, one wonders. , . . ? No matter ; at long last, sailing from out the bar-barous West, comes the *Nang-Li*> all the 7,000 tons of her, with electric light and oil-driven engines and a big cabin for old Chinamen. And he is helped